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passing in India ; nor will she be slow to take advantage of any opportunity that may present itself of superseding England on the Indus and the Ganges. But to say that it was she that caused the present war is absurd. Whole armies of "Russian emissaries" could not have excited such implacable internecine hatred ; in short, nothing could have done so but the tears and blood which were so long wrung from the people with their hard-earned money. There are those who say, Let the British government rule India itself, and all will be right ; as if the East India Company, so far as governing is concerned, were aught more than a cloak of darkness for the British ministry wherein to hide its Eastern iniquities. It has been very convenient to throw the blame of all unjustifiable acts, all glaring robberies, on the Court of Directors ; although not a single province has been annexed, not a single prince deposed, not a single wrong of any magnitude committed, at least since 1830, which had not the previous sanction of the same power that rules "the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland."

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ART. IX. — *Sermons, preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.*

By the late REV. FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON, M. A., the Incumbent. First Series. Boston : Ticknor and Fields. 1857. 12mo. pp. 372.

WHEN this volume first appeared, we expressed our high appreciation of its merits, as the memorial of a vigorous, earnest, and efficient mind, energized by profound religious faith, yet wholly free from the restraints of ecclesiasticism and dogmatism. We then referred, with emphatic commendation, to the "Advent Lectures" on "The Grecian" and "The Roman" elements in the culture of the ancient world, considered in their relation to Christianity, in the preparation which they furnished for its reception, and in their deficiencies, which could be supplemented only by a Teacher from heaven. In the treatment of the topics for inquiry thus opened, Mr. Robertson

accords much more nearly with the most enlightened of the Christian Fathers than with the generality of modern divines. Such men as Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, and Origen occupied, with regard to the Pagan philosophies and religions, a position as catholic and generous as that of more recent Christian believers has been narrow and prejudiced. They maintained, with St. Paul, that "God left not himself without witness" on the earth; that the same divine spirit which spake through the Hebrew prophets breathed upon the universal heart of man; and that the classic beliefs and rituals, no less than the God-given law of Moses, had their assigned office in preparing the human race for the coming of the Messiah, both by the half-truths which they embodied, and by the inquiries and wants which they awakened, but could not satisfy.

We propose, in the following paper, to consider the classical mythologies in the aspect in which they are presented by Mr. Robertson; and while we pursue our own independent line of thought, we shall freely avail ourselves of such subsidiary arguments or illustrations as may be suggested by his discourses.

The Greek and Roman mythologies, often identified and confounded in the popular mind, and not always distinguished from each other by those who ought to know better, have many points of resemblance, but full as many striking contrasts. They were probably of common origin, though Niebuhr discredits the long current belief that the Etruscans, from whom Rome derived her gods and ritual, were of Greek descent. Certainly the parallelism between the two religions, and their respective clusters of myths, is close enough to designate them as offshoots from one stalk, while they present all the diversities which might be anticipated from the wide difference of soil, climate, and national genius. They are the noblest of all forms of idolatry, and their whole character shows that, if mankind started with a knowledge of the one God, the degeneracy was arrested in Greece and Italy at an earlier stage than elsewhere. Indeed, the Scriptural narrative, which attributes a pure faith and worship to the infancy of our race, is strikingly confirmed by the fact that classic fable goes back to

the theogony, — the birth of the gods, — thus implying a time when they were not.

There are certain records in the introductory portion of the book of Genesis, which throw light on the modes in which polytheism superseded primitive monotheism. The author of that book carefully designates the inventors of the various arts, such as music, metallurgy, tent-making, cattle-breeding, wine-manufacturing, and it is with an evident relish that he traces most of these arts to the despised posterity of Cain, and, as to the last-named, commemorates the sin and shame it brought upon one worthily descended, and in all other transactions honored and revered. He also defines with the utmost minuteness the parentage of the world's fathers, and takes especial care to tell the precise number of years that each lived, and then to say in express words that he died. The writer's manifest purpose in these details was to preclude man-worship by affixing the stamp of humanity, and, when possible, the stigma of its worst types, on the very men who otherwise could not have failed to become objects of worship. Where no record of this sort existed, the earliest inventors, discoverers, heads of families, and planters of colonies, naturally grew into gods. Their deeds — marvellous at the outset, and often appearing supernatural, because the like had not been seen before — became more and more wonderful as they passed from mouth to mouth, and from father to son. The slow stages by which an invention took shape were forgotten, and the century which its development may have occupied was shortened into a day or a moment, thus betokening an achievement beyond human genius, and possible only for a god. The exploit due to the prowess of an entire tribe was attached by tradition to its leader, and of course implied in him superhuman strength and endurance. Of a race or a colony, the name of the ancestor or the founder alone survived, and around his sole memory clustered in exaggerated forms all the strange experiences, and daring deeds, and fierce conflicts, and triumphs over rude nature and savage beasts, which belonged to the whole primitive history of the race or colony, thus crowning the single head with attributes which could not be less than divine. Meanwhile the statistics of

personal history — the dates which would have stood stubbornly in the way of apotheosis — were lost. There was no register of the birth of the hero, the inventor, or the ancestor, and the inference was obvious to minds of omnivorous credulity that he had no mortal father, but sprang from the soil, or rose from the sea, or came down from the heavens, or was the joint offspring of a god and a human maiden. The circumstances of his death, too, were forgotten, and the conclusion was that he did not die, but that, when his work was finished, he vanished among the stars, and became thenceforth a presiding deity over the fortunes of men. Gradually these human forms usurped the whole realm of the Divine providence; and, at first worshipped as subordinate divinities, they thrust the idea of the one Creator to an ever-greater distance from the familiar thought of men, till at length he became the mere Father of the gods, superior to them in years alone, and less than they in all else, inasmuch as what might have been his distinguishing attributes had all been monopolized by the crowding ranks of his posterity.

This was undoubtedly the earliest form of false worship. From this, religion pursued two separate routes. Where the arts of design were cultivated, man-worship became idolatry, — was crystallized in forms of strength and beauty, enshrined in massive and elaborate temples, and endowed with a fixed and efficient power over successive generations. The images that became the centres of devotion preserved the names of the deified mortals, and grouped around them in perpetuity the several clusters of myths belonging to them respectively. Thus mythologies like those of Greece and Rome were consolidated. On the other hand, where man-worship failed of the early ministry of art, the myths that had sustained it grew more and more vague and shadowy, vast and grotesque, till at length human names could no longer be their nucleus. They then attached themselves to the occult forces of nature, to the stars and the elements, to the mysterious instincts of animals, to whatever excited wonder, awe, terror, or even disgust. Thus with the imaginative and dreamy Asiatics the sun and the celestial luminaries, fire and air, became gods; the more grovelling Egyptians bowed in religious homage

before the intractable crocodile, adored the intelligence whose workings they could not trace or baffle in the domestic animals around them, and were subdued into worship by the seemingly self-created life and self-urged growth of the leek and the onion; while nations of still lower culture grouped fragments of myths into incongruous and often terrible combinations of attributes, to which they ultimately gave the mockery of form in rude and misshapen images of wood or stone.

We see, then, that the classic mythologies represent the earliest departure from primitive theism. And they retained within them the germ of the very truth of which Christianity is the full development. Theirs was the worship of humanity; and there can be intelligent worship only of what is human, — of attributes of which we are conscious in ourselves. Christian devotion is the worship of God in Christ, — of God as incarnate and manifest in sinless, perfected, glorified humanity. The classical mythology, on the other hand, was the worship of man as he is, mingled good and evil; now benign, now rapacious; now pure, now lustful or inebriate; now just and covenant-keeping, now treacherous and false. It deified alike every noble virtue and foul appetite and vile passion. Yet a purer worship of a personal God could not have supplanted this piebald man-worship, till “the Word was made flesh,” till the God-man appeared; and his office, in representing a divine personality which can be adored without degradation and detriment to the worshipper, is in itself of sufficient magnitude to account for the entire apparatus of prophecy and miracle, and is the antecedent condition of his functions as Reformer, Redeemer, and Sanctifier.

The Grecian religion was pre-eminently the worship of beauty, first in the human form, then and thence in the whole realm of nature and art. The well-proportioned (*τὸ σύμμετρον*), harmonious (*τὸ ἀρμόνιον*), and becoming (*τὸ πρέπον*), constituted ideal excellence according to the standard of the Greeks. Their highest epithet for a good and noble act was *beautiful* (*καλός*); and the very name they used to denote the universe (*κόσμος*) means primarily *symmetry* of form and

parts, — thus indicating that the Grecian mind recoiled from those sublime, thought-transcending conceptions of the creation in which other races rejoiced, and would admit into its system only such spaces as it could measure with the eye, globe in the fancy, and contemplate as it might some work of human art. There was indeed everything in Greece to nourish this love of beauty. The *Ægean*, studded with vine-clad islands; the sinuous coast, now towering into promontories that bathe their heads in the clouds and their feet in the deep, now thrusting peninsulas of verdure into arms of the sea that almost meet behind them; the rivers stealing their way with trembling haste, like wood-nymphs chased by fauns; the numerous fountains, in whose leaping waters the stars danced in circles and the trees waved and rustled; the hills decked with fillets and streamers of azure mist; the atmosphere, clear and bracing, inviting life in the open air, and wooing man as the intermediary between him and nature, — all wrought upon the national mind, rendering it sensuous in its conceptions, giving it archetypes in outward forms for whatever appertained to the inward life, and moulding traditions and ideas into shapes of peerless loveliness.

To this tendency we are to ascribe the precedence of goddesses over the sterner sex in Grecian fable and poetry. Almost every city had a goddess for its tutelar divinity. Thus Athens was sacred to Pallas; Argos and Mycenæ to Hera; Aphrodite had more cities and islands under her protection than she had associates in the Olympian banquet-hall; while in Ephesus, which was but a Greek city transplanted across the *Ægean*, the worship of Artemis surpassed in magnificence all the religions of Asia beside, and her temple yielded only to the Parthenon in beauty, — to no shrine on earth in costliness and splendor.

This beauty-loving mythology was of incalculable benefit as a civilizing agent for Greece, and through Greece for all Western Asia and Southern Europe. True, man makes gods after his own image; but it is equally true that those gods, once made, mould successive generations of worshippers after their own image. In ages of faith (and these every religion has witnessed) there is a perpetual self-shaping of

the moral nature in the form which it adores; and when faith degenerates into formalism, still the unintermitted ritual groups around itself whatever remains of profound thought, or high aim, or strenuous endeavor, while the mere headway gained during religious eras insures continued progress, even when the moving force works with diminished activity.

The entire apparatus of Grecian worship, and almost all its ceremonials, demanded a high standard of artistical excellence. To paint or sculpture gods that were symmetry and grace idealized, and goddesses whose charms were only faintly typified by the lustrous eyes and glowing cheeks of Athenian maidens, was an ambition which could wake all an artist's soul, and stir up whatever of the divine gift there was in him. To produce a masterpiece that should hold its place while the shrine stood, was an aim worthy the culture and effort of a lifetime.

The Grecian deities, too, could be worthily worshipped only "in temples made with hands," and with whatever cost and skill human hands could bestow. In one important point of view, the dominant mythology aided, beyond what was possible for any other, the progress of the arts requisite to give elegance and refinement to the homes of the people. The divinities were deified men and women; — not therefore to be enshrined in massive, tomb-like structures, such as befitted the coarse objects of Egyptian idolatry; nor yet in edifices with heaven-pointing towers, and vast aerial spaces, and vaulted ceilings poised in dizzy, shadowy heights, such as under Christian culture made the Gothic architecture man's least finite copy of the infinite. Their appropriate temples were human homes idealized. Thus the Grecian sacred architecture is strictly and emphatically domestic architecture. Its elements are precisely those of the log-cabin, man's primitive dwelling-place; its accessory ornaments are those which naturally group themselves around and within that dwelling-place with the growth of art, refinement, and luxury. Thus the very same forms which devotion first hallowed were copied in men's homes, and in structures designed for social and public assemblies and amusements.

Art and song, too, are twin sisters; the ear is trained

concurrently with the eye ; and music and poetry have their haunts wherever columns tower, and friezes grow, and porticos spread their shelter, and the pencil and chisel multiply their counterfeits of life. And here again verse and song react on the more enduring works of the hand. While Amphion sweeps the strings, walls rise in still fairer proportions to the rhythm of his lyre ; where Tyrtæus sings, the spirit of beauty rests on handicraft and daily life. Under the multi-form reign of art the last vestiges of barbarism disappear. The popular mind is moulded into grace by the omnipresence of the Muses. The senses which have grown familiar with all that is exquisite and lovely in the temple and the theatre, shrink from rude forms and savage sounds. Even language owns the influence. Gutturals and harshly wedded consonants, unmanageable diphthongs and successions of uncongenial vowels, are softened down. Euphonic changes and insertions smooth the else rugged line, and give continuity to the else broken flow of oratory. Thus the Greek becomes the most flexible and graceful of all languages, and lends itself by the choice or blending of its dialects to every mood of sentiment, epic or lyric, grave or gay, — the thunder of Demosthenes, the wine and love songs of Anacreon.

The Greek states, and especially the Athenian, with a rapid natural growth and very limited room and resources for an expanding population, — planted too on the borders of a sea whose thickly sown islands multiplied landmarks and harbors, so essential before the mystic needle pointed the ship's way, — early sent forth numerous colonies. The Asiatic and Italian continents, the shores of the Euxine and the northern coast of Africa, swarmed with Greek settlers, whose arts went with them, and shone around them, and diffused themselves among nations previously uncultured. And when the glory of Greece waned, and Athens became the capital of a Roman province, philosophers and sophists, rhetoricians and grammarians, architects and artists, manufacturers and artisans, — produced beyond any possible scope for their genius by the over-ripe civilization of their native soil, — sought the bread of strangers by carrying their culture wherever there was wealth to purchase its offices, or mind or hand

which they could train. Thus Greeks filled, in Rome and in all her principal dependencies, places deemed inferior and often menial, yet the true seats of extended sway and posts of controlling influence. They became the educators and civilizers of the world. Their language even was well-nigh universal. While Rome wielded the sceptre, conquered, degraded Athens was the mightier power behind the throne, creating where Rome only governed, giving models more potent than laws, moulding mind and manners, song and literature, — in fine, all except the counsels of state and of war.

Meanwhile, the Grecian intellect had outgrown the faith which had been its inspiration in every form, and through the culminating eras, of its culture. The popular mythology had relaxed its grasp upon the religious nature. Its oracles had become almost voiceless; its temples were no longer the haunts of implicitly credulous multitudes. Philosophy and state-craft still paid a decent reverence to the religious institutes of earlier days; but their prestige was gone. Platonism had diffused among the sounder portion of cultivated minds in part monotheistic, in part pantheistic notions, while the dogmas of other schools of philosophy verged toward atheism; and it may be fairly doubted whether even the populace were not influenced, in their conservatism of the old idolatry, less by religious feeling than by a patriotic attachment to this remnant of their distinctive nationality.

In the decline of faith thus manifest there was an open field for the seed of the God-given religion, when, after its Founder's ascension, his apostles "went forth to sow." An open field, we say, but by no means unprepared; for the ascendancy of the Grecian mind and art held no mean place among the elements of the fulness of time for the Messiah's advent. Christianity has no so sure ally as civilization. It is fitly apprehended only by the well-developed intellect. It enters into graceful and harmonious relations with art and taste and beauty, and baptizes the whole sisterhood of the Muses, now truly the "Sacred Nine," into its service. Its most congenial shrine is the well-ordered home, whose refinements it consecrates as fountains of benediction,

whose elegant culture it crowns with amaranthine garlands, whose union, and loves, interwoven by the strongest of perishing earth-bonds, it makes indestructible and eternal. The new religion found a language in which its records could circulate throughout the world; arts that lent their early ministry to its beauty of holiness; schools of learning, many of which speedily became seminaries of piety; industrial pursuits, whose operatives were much more hopeful subjects of evangelical discipline and instruction than hordes of nomads or restless tribes of warriors could have been; and domestic institutions and habits, which lacked only, though they sadly lacked, the elevating and sanctifying agency of Him in whom alone "all the families of the earth are blessed." Thus had the Greek mythology in its palmy days nourished the very civilization which, when it became effete, furnished the most genial matrix for Christian institutions and ordinances.

We pass now to the distinguishing features of the Roman mythology. As the soul of the Grecian worship was beauty, that of the Roman was order, law, obedience. *Religio*, that which binds, was a Roman word and idea. The corresponding Greek word (*θρησκευία*) means merely ceremony. The chief Roman divinities were masculine. Foremost among them were Mars, whose fatherhood of Romulus and Remus typified not alone the warlike temper of the infant state, but its pervading spirit of stern control and strict subordination; and Jupiter, whose majestic form, enthroned on the Capitoline Hill, represented the sovereign sway of relentless justice over the fortunes of men. Rome's most revered goddess was Vesta, the protectress of the home and hearth, the patroness of chastity and purity, worshipped by a perpetual fire served by virgin priestesses. For the wanton Aphrodite of the Greeks she had her Venus Verticordia, who presided over the sanctity of domestic morals, and whose statue the most virtuous woman in the city was chosen to dedicate. Among her temples were those consecrated to Concord, Faith, Modesty, Constancy, and Hope. The myth of the nymph Egeria dictating the statutes of her earliest legislator prefigured the reverence paid to law, as less human than divine, throughout

the better days of the Commonwealth. Religious rites preceded every assembly. No election was held unless the augurs announced favoring auspices from the gods. The induction of consuls and of generals was attended by solemn rites. Sacrifices hallowed the march of armies; sacred oaths bound them to their always consecrated standards; and the very name for the most honorable reception that could await their victorious return, *supplicatio*, indissolubly connects thanksgiving and religious ceremony with military triumph.

Under this severe religion were nurtured uncorrupt magistrates, self-governed leaders in war, soldiers whose loyalty and temperance were invincible as their valor, — noble women, too, who held virtue dearer than life, whose glory was a chaste and pure home, whose jewels were their children. It was this moral superiority, in contrast with the lax discipline and dissolute manners of surrounding states, that made Rome first the mistress of Italy, and then the sovereign of the civilized world. Her self-conquest heralded her career as conqueror. Her early history swarms with instances of patriotic self-devotion and martyrdom, which have no parallel in human records except in the blood-written annals of Christian heroism. It is hard to over-estimate the sum of public virtue, of severe simplicity and integrity, of domestic purity, of fidelity in all the relations of home and society, which constituted the glory of republican Rome; which made her a nation, as the Gauls deemed her Senate a body, of kings; and which laid deep in solid foundations of personal excellence the basis of her national greatness.

But her conquests were the precursors of her decline. With the spoils, she took home the luxuries and the vices of subjugated nations. With their plundered wealth came in corruption and bribery. The government of the numerous provinces, with its opportunities for peculation and extortion, was a lure too strong for the integrity of retiring consuls and successful commanders. The armies, in their winter-quarters in the luxurious cities of the effeminate East, lost their hardihood and their manliness, their love of country and their sense of honor; and the soldiers became mere mercenaries, kept under their banners only by the prospect of booty or largess, and as

ready to bathe their swords in the blood of civil strife, as to wield them against the enemies of the state.

Coincident with this decay of manners and morals, and no doubt one of the most efficient among its producing causes, was a growing religious scepticism. The mythology, such as it was, had been in Rome's early days a faith, a *religion*, and therefore a force. At the Christian era it had degenerated into a state formalism. Augur could no longer look augur in the face without laughing. The Senate created gods by vote ; admitted into the crowded pantheon, without so much as the pretence of believing in them, the divinities of every nation they conquered ; and instituted under the auspices of the state whatever rites of worship (no matter how revolting in their character or how abhorrent from their ancestral faith) could help pacify and consolidate the empire. It may be that this ultra-liberalism of cunning state-craft, by enlarging the scope and varying the forms of national worship, had a prominent agency in unsettling the popular belief, which, if unintelligent, nay, because unintelligent, demanded stable and unchanging traditions and objects of reverence to keep it steadfast. However this may have been, it is certain that the Roman polytheism, while still preserved in form in the imperial city, had virtually become *Paganism*, village-worship, several centuries before it acquired that name.

There was thus in Rome, and in all her principal provinces and colonies, as in Greece and her colonies, unencumbered soil for the germination of Christian truth. And as Greece furnished a universal language for the dissemination of the Christian records, so Rome opened in her vast empire — compacted as it was by the still surviving spirit of law and order — modes of transit and communication, avenues for the transmission of opinions, a common, pervading vitality, which, as fast as it became imbued at its centre and heart with the new religion, sent the life-current to all its extremities, so that the Christianization of Constantine was virtually the conversion, at least in name and form, of the civilized world.

This rapid sketch of the germinal principles and the sources of influence of the two mythologies which held the chief place

among the religions of the ancient world,—inadequate in other regards,—may suffice to point out the essential deficiencies of all systems of belief not founded on supernatural revelation, and thus to indicate man's profound need of such interposition for his religious culture as has its record in the Christian Scriptures. In the first place, the tendency to polytheism seems inevitable in the absence of revelation. Man early and almost universally yielded to it, and it is believed that, except under Jewish or Christian auspices, no nation or community has escaped it. In the very nature of things, it was impossible for unaided reason, unless in the rare case of a Socrates, a Plato, or a Cicero, or in those who could become the intelligent and appreciating followers of such masters, to work its way to a conception of the Divine unity. The rays of divinity that are diffused over the creation converge only at a point beyond man's clear vision. Conflicting elements, the alternation of calm and tempest, the glad and the fearful experiences of humanity, ecstatic joy and desolating grief, suggest the idea of different systems, rival powers, deities both beneficent and malignant. A more than mortal hand must belt the universe, as in letters of flame, with the inscription, "God is one," before man can in its light harmonize discrepancies, trace good in seeming evil, behold the hand of love in the storm and on the leaping waves, and recognize the ministry of mercy in what it withholds or withdraws. The truth lies beyond human reach, and, revealed and received in faith, it could be verified only by the work of ages; for, almost down to our own times, the demonology of the Church has been, if not a polytheism, at least a virtual dualism, partitioning the empire of the world between the Supreme God and the semi-omnipotent foe of God and man. Now, polytheism at best can have only an imperfect, transient, and self-limited power over its adherents. A divided sceptre holds but a feeble sway. Deities of opposing counsels can furnish no stable ground of trust and hope. Hence the inherent weakness of the classic mythologies, their dependence on their newness and freshness for their influence on mind and character, and their tendency to decline and dissolution by the mere lapse of centuries.

These mythologies, also, failed of the true office of religion, inasmuch as they disjoined worship from personal goodness. In some of their divinities, indeed, they presented examples of single virtues; but in others, equally revered, they exhibited combinations of the vilest traits and traditions of the foulest deeds. Nor was any moral qualification necessary to constitute the acceptable worshipper. The sacrifice or oblation was of equal worth at the hands of Socrates and of Aspasia, of Cato and of Catiline. Indeed, Christianity is the only religion which has ever discriminated between ceremonial worship and heart-worship,—which has recognized none as its subjects except those who could bring clean hands, pure purposes, contrite souls, to the altar. In the Gospel alone, religion and morality are made one, root and branch of the same tree;—religion, as it strikes its sustaining fibres deep into the Rock of Ages; morality, as it spreads its shade and scatters its ripened fruit over the walks of busy life.

These mythologies, it is worthy of emphatic remark, embodied no adequate idea of retribution. True, Greeks and Romans in general believed in immortality; they had their Elysian fields, and their realms of woe and torment. But Elysium was a dreary tract of the under-world, where shadowy, attenuated forms—mockeries of the life that they had been—wandered in cheerless gloom, recounting their earthly experiences, and yearning for the summons to the Lethean draught which should send them back to the light of day and the scenes of their former pilgrimage; while Tartarus was reserved for unnatural and horrible crimes, and especially for blasphemy and sacrilege. There were thus no threads from the earthly life to be woven into the web of the eternal destiny, no measured proportion between character and doom, no inevitable projection of the past into the unending future, no powers of the world to come whose forecast lights and shadows could rest on the arena of moral discipline.

The classic mythologies were, above all, deficient in their making no provision for the reconciliation and pardon of the penitent. The sense of guilt and unworthiness can never have been silent or inactive. It is this which has piled the altars of Paganism with slaughtered hecatombs, which has

inspired horrible forms of self-torture, which has put the sacrificial knife into the father's hands to slay "the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul." Propitiation in some form has been a part, as of Christianity, so of all other religions; but in these it has been doubtful, empirical, with no certain response from the shrine of sacrifice. An inarticulate cry of need and misery has gone up from the burdened soul, but the heavens have been as brass in the crisis of its despair, and it has sought refuge again in the very sins that wrought the agony. Because it had no sure hope of forgiveness, no hand let down, no voice from the eternal silence, no father's arms and house open for its return, it could not repent.

In Moore's beautiful fable, the Peri, promised forgiveness and entrance to forfeited Paradise on condition of bringing to the eternal gate the gift most dear to Heaven, returns in vain with the last life-drop of the patriot's blood, and then, again, with the expiring sigh of the most faithful human love; but still the crystal bar moves not. Once more she seeks the earth, and bears back the tear of penitence that had fallen from an outcast, godless wretch, who has been melted into contrition by a child's prayer; and for this — for this alone — the golden hinges turn. The classic mythologies could boast in rich profusion the patriot's blood, could feed the torch of a love stronger than death; but they could not start the penitential tear, — they failed of the one gift of earth for which there is joy in heaven.